The Bystander, December 25, 1918. No. 786. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS. 1918. THE WAITS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
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3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
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BUBBLE 1917—CHRISTMAS—1918 TROUBLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

After Four Years

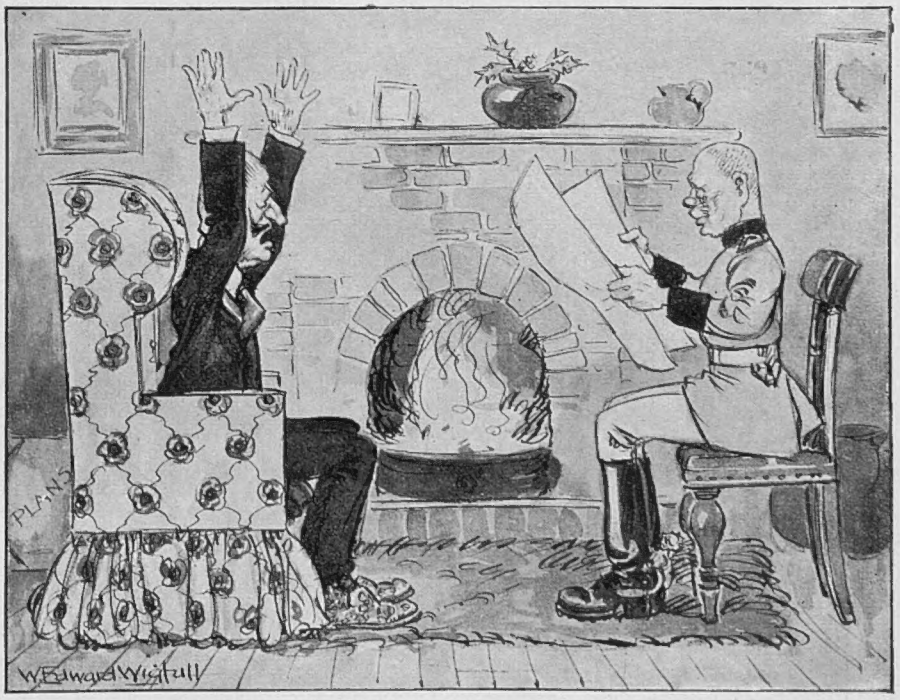
AFTER four years of agony we have found Christmas once more. The sublime message of Peace comes once again to a world that has won it and joys in it. For four Christmas Days all reference to the Prince of Peace was like the mocking chorus of a Greek tragedy. Even to the most faithful of us it was only prophecy in a world of sorrow. But now it is fulfilment. With most of us there will be empty places, but we shall know that those who have fallen on the hard way have been blessed in their sacrifice; and we shall also know that the rest are pressing on in triumph to complete the victory that all have won. And not only in triumph do they advance, but also in safety.

Think of the Kiddies

THEY have missed four Christmasses. Some of them scarcely know what a real Christmas means. Let us make it all up to them fourfold. Their young lives—ever so impressionable—have been shadowed by a horror that we never knew. Let us all try to lift that shadow and keep it lifted from them, so far as we can, ever afterwards. I am sure of it that our lads fought for their mothers and for little children. It may be very hard for many of us to be cheery this year—and for some of us *ever* again—but we must do it. Send out the brave old cards and turn your faces away. Let no one see the tears—not the children anyway!

Peace Christmas!

AND what a great Christmas it is to be! It would have been an even greater Christmas if we could have had more of the boys home with the "four feet on the fender," which is the height of their ambition at the moment. But we must suppose that the demobilisation people are really doing their best, seeing that they have always got to envisage the possible, if unlikely, contingency of a renewal of hostilities. Sometimes I wonder why, with all this



PRIVATE SECRETARY (*with cold in head*): "Der noos frob der Entente ——"
WILHELM: "Ach, himmel! Do not like that speak, it too suggestive is!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

talk about the difficulty of finding jobs for the returned soldiers, the authorities don't begin by releasing those men whose old jobs are not only waiting, but positively howling, for them. I don't attach much importance to the rather unpleasant suggestion that demobilisation is likely to be dragged out so that the officials concerned may continue to draw their salaries as long as possible; but obviously this is a field of activity—or inactivity—that needs watching.

Rare Fruit

APPARENTLY we are not yet able to return to the *status quo* in respect of Christmas fruit; and the odoriferous orange of the pantomime pit will continue for this year at least to be something of a rare bird. We are, however, to have cheaper fruit "after Christmas"—the Food Controller says so; and as "after Christmas" covers a rather wide space of time, he is probably right. It was really considerate, when you come to think of it, of the Food people to resist the temptation of putting a controlled price on fruit in the Christmas shops. Controlled things have a strange way of disappearing from the market entirely; and it is better, perhaps, that we should be able to buy oranges at a shilling a pound than that we should be unable to get them at any price.

Damming the Flowing Bowl

THERE seems no prospect of relief coming to the stalwarts who look upon Christmas as the season of the jovial punch-bowl. I do not know much about this question myself, as it hardly concerns me personally; but it is a little difficult to understand the attitude of the Liquor Control Board, especially as I read in the papers that merchants with all kinds of fighting drinks are only waiting official sanction before putting them on the market. The Liquor Control Board desires, apparently, like the rest of us, that the world shall become sober and temperate for a permanency; but with the cessation of hostilities official control of the drink traffic, beyond the limits prescribed by Parliament in peace-time, appears to be distinctly *ultra vires*. It almost lays the Board open to the charge of availing itself of its emergency authority to conduct an irritating temperance mission. Lord D'Abernon has been reported as saying that he proposes to make it a very expensive business to get drunk. I have no sort of sympathy with the man who drinks to excess; but I am bound to admit that in a land of liberty it is his privilege, if he chooses to exercise it; and Lord D'Abernon's personal opinions and interference would, therefore, seem to be rather an impertinence.

Bad Boys on 'Buses

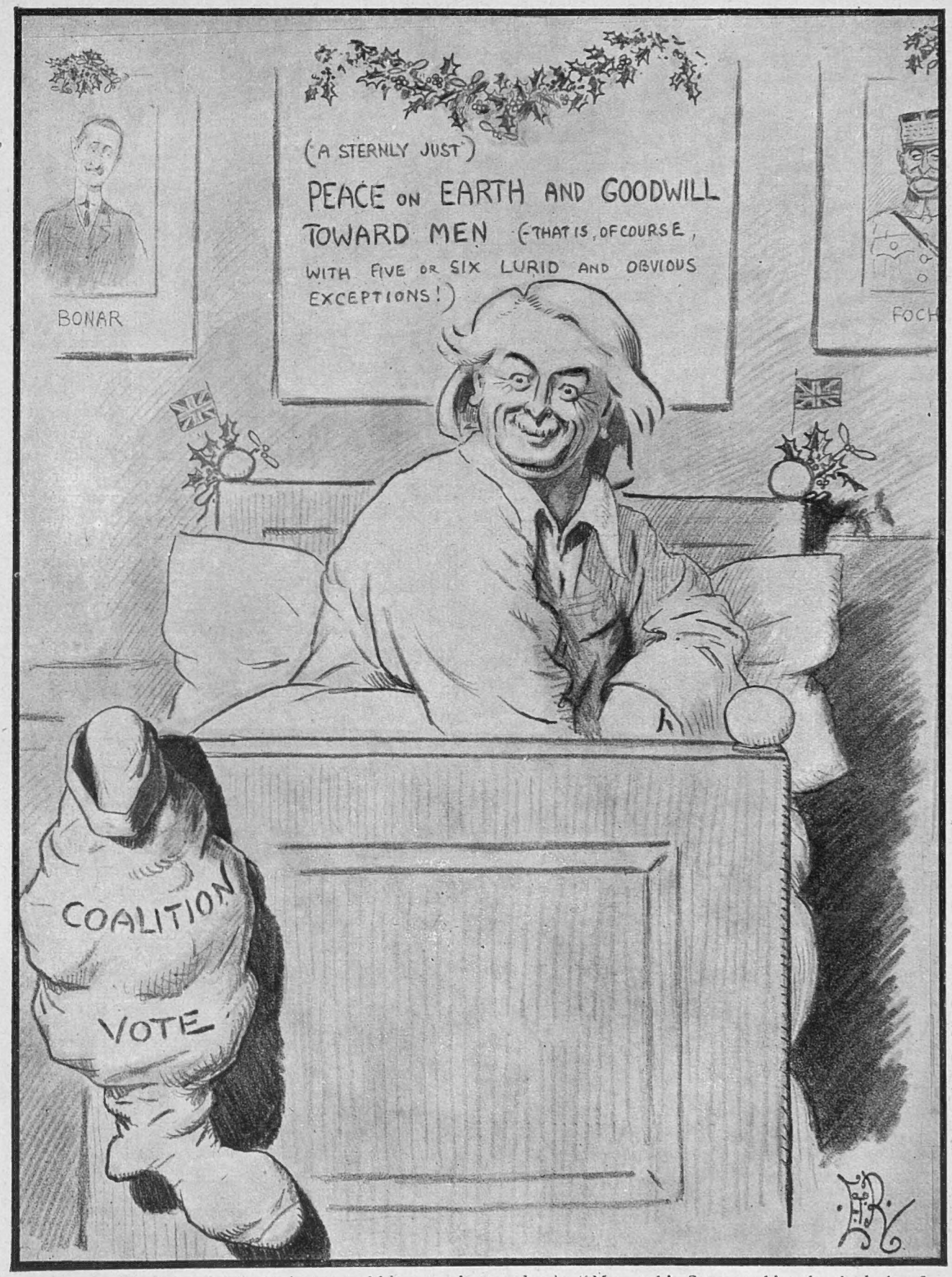
IT is to be hoped that the omnibus workers will not adhere to their decision to stop work at four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Day. It is all very well for the autocratic officials to say that it won't hurt the public to walk; but that is a thesis that cannot very well be demonstrated either one way or the other. I always had the idea that these unions were Socialistic in their aims, and from what I understand of Socialism I take it that it means the subordination of private interests to the public good. In that case the 'bus-men by adhering to their original programme would prove themselves to be bad Socialists as well as deplorably indifferent citizens.

THAT CHRISTMAS LEAVE

"Thank goodness, I'll be shut of all this junk to-morrow, and then twelve days' 'eaven without a pack to carry"—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow . . . . "

Great Expectations



WIDE-AWAKE GEORGY *(who has kept a watchful eye on the proceedings)*: "My word! Some stocking, by the looks of it! I bet I've got more than all the others put together! Isn't it ABSOLUTELY ROTTEN I mayn't have a squint at what I've got for simply ever so long? I *know* I shan't sleep!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December 23, 1918*

DEAR COUSIN—

HAPPY CHRISTMAS! And many of 'em! This, you know, is the first—the very first—since I've written these letters to you that there hasn't been a war on. But this year—

The last long trail is ended
The last long march is o'er . . . .

And seems like, this Christmas of 1918, there's really something worth celebrating—what?

卐 卐

THE sad years are behind, the great years before; the price is paid.

. . . . Green Earth forgets.
The gay young generations mark her grief;
Where bled her children hangs the loaded sheaf;
Forgetful is green Earth. . . . . .

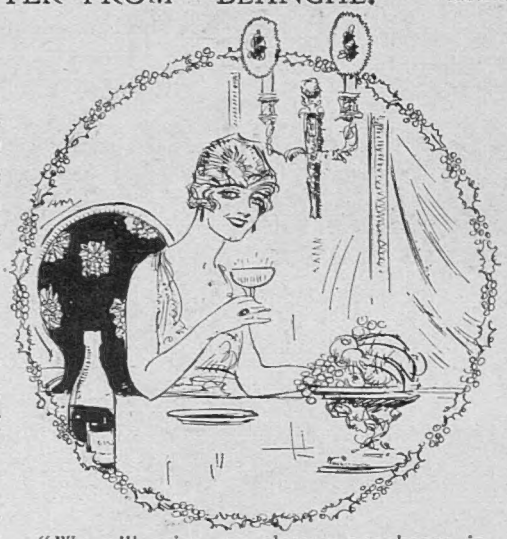
From the red dawns of 1914 to the red sunsets of 1918, we have lived through terrible hours, suffered unending sorrows, shed such bitter tears. But

When all is done,
We won!

and so, at last, it is Peace on Earth again.

卐 卐

AND, anyway, this first peace Christmas, of course, we lift our glasses and drink our toasts to the men, our wonderful men, in blue and in khaki, those gay and gallant battle-fighters who, by sea and by land, have done the daring deeds and suffered the hurts that have made it possible for us to celebrate once again in our own beloved England a peace Christmas. Who have borne all the heat and burden of these bitter days, and brought us to safety and victory out of dangers and disasters unspeakable.



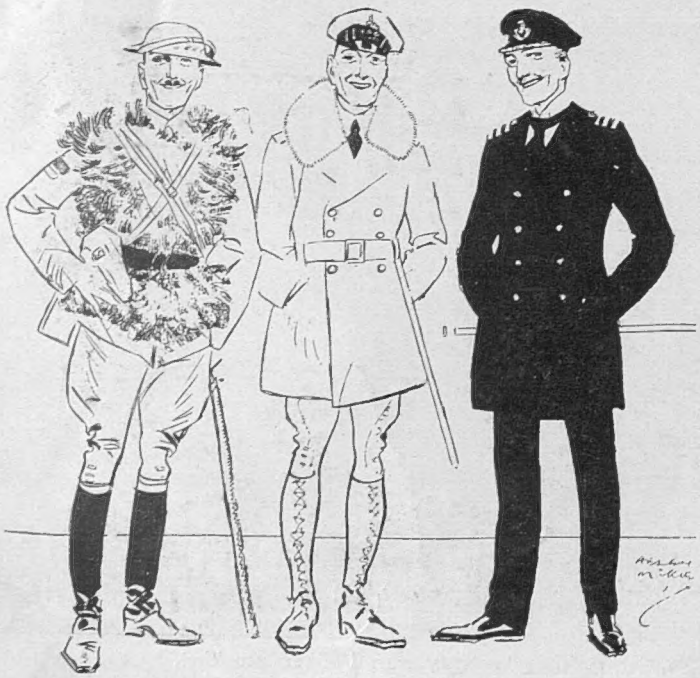
"We will raise our glasses—one hopes in festal bubbly"

卐 卐

FIRST, a silent toast to those immortal armies of our beloved dead—our best, our bravest, whose young eyes will never open on the dear England they died to save, whose young, clear voices we shall never hear again. It is the burnt sacrifice of our glorious youth that has earned for us our Christmas peace. Theirs is the peace, the glory—and ours the tears and the gratitude. . . . We think, this Christmas, first of them, for "greater love knoweth no man than the love of the soldier who lays down his life for the unborn generations of mankind."

卐 卐

AND then, our tribute to our sleeping heroes paid, we will raise our glasses and drink—one *hopes* in festal bubbly, but I *fear* only for the war-profiteers remaineth it poss. to imbibe the best of liquids these expensive days!—to all those other soldiermen, dear things. Now at last they reap the just reward of all their valour and self-sacrifice and patriotism and devotion through all the years of recorded (and unrecorded) heroism on all those many fronts of ours—in the mud and desolation of France and Flanders, and in the devastating heat and heartless sand and glare of those still further outposts of empire, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Africa, and the rest.



"Dear battle-fighting cousins"

卐 卐

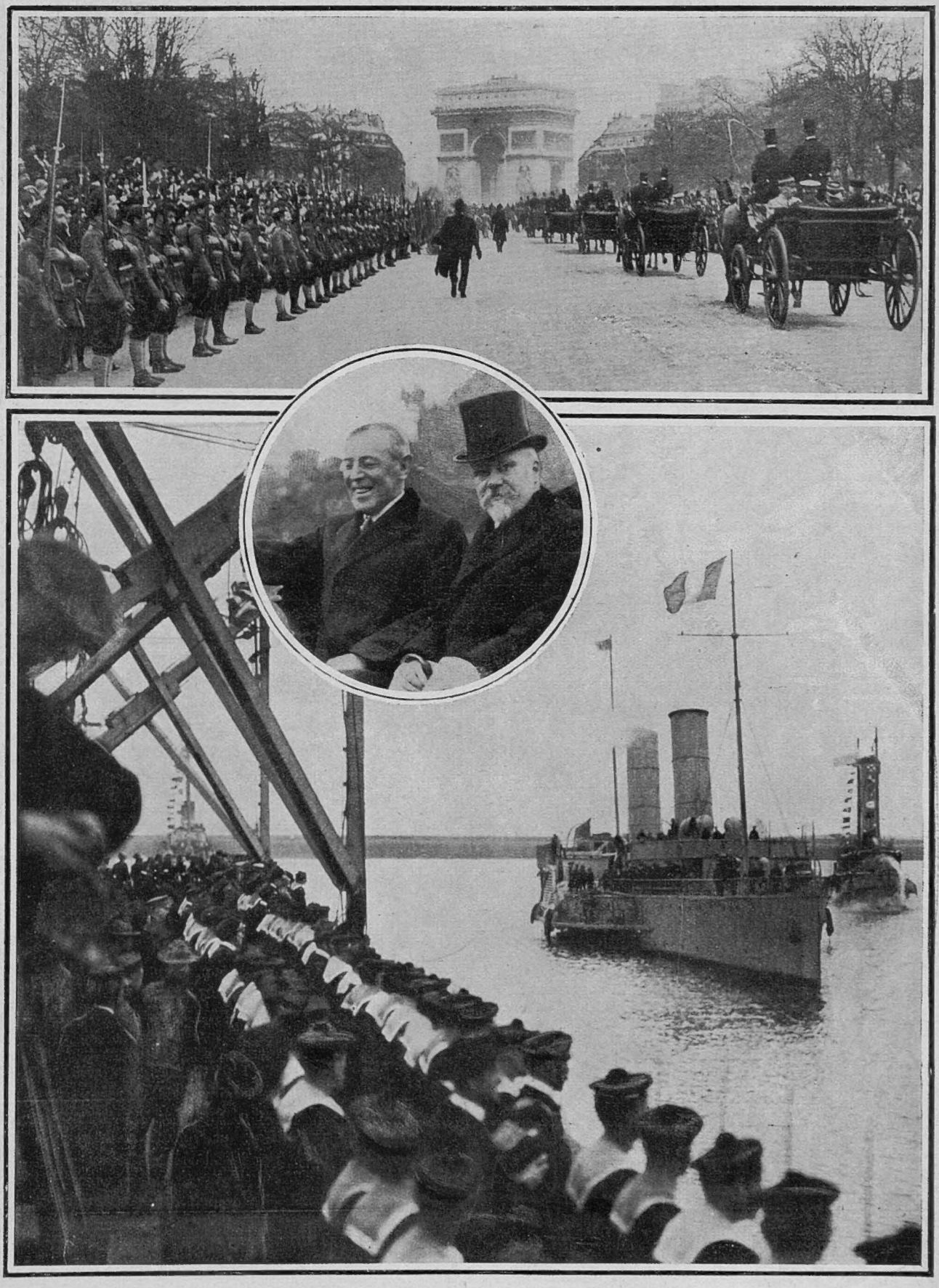
THE long, long trail's not *quite* ended even yet, but they're winding up the Watch on the Rhine all right, while

The bells of hell
Go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For the Hun
But not for us.

And meanwhile, dear battle-fighting cousins, here's the very, very best to you, now and always. Thank you for all you

(*Continued on page 568*)

The Wilson Smile



FRANCE'S WELCOME TO PRESIDENT WILSON

The lower picture illustrates the arrival at Brest, the U.S. President coming ashore in the tender from the George Washington, a guard of honour from the French Navy lining the quay. In the upper picture the Presidential procession through Paris is shown approaching the Arc de Triomphe. Inset is a photograph of the two Presidents

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

have done for England, and thank you too, most awfully, for all the dear and charming and interesting and amusing letters you have written to me.

卐 卐

PROPERLY bucked I've been about them, you know—and I *think* not without reason. I mean, letters straight out of all those fighting hells of France and Gallipoli and Mesopotamia and Africa and Salonika, not to talk about themselves and all the hardships and horrors of campaigning, but to thank *me*—*me*, here safe and snug at home in the England they kept inviolate!—for the little (alas! so very little!) *I* had done in the way of sympathy and understanding. Wouldn't *you* have been pleased? I've been, *frightfully*.

"The Hun . . . will even pose to be photographed"

卐 卐

AND, talking of delightful letters to Blanche, reminds me my *third* peace toast this Christmas is a *very* extra special one! In the delectablest dram procurable, in the purest posset possible, in the best ale that can be wangled these water-waggoned days, drink long and deep and no heel-taps, to those ones, those priceless beans, those bh-oys, the sailor men who've, year in year out, kept the seas for England and the Hun in his kennel.

卐 卐

KEPT them, too, in such proud secrecy and such a modest silence (Wouf!) that now, when at last they have the victory, it's a victory so colossal that it's got to be seen to be believed. Because you don't really quite realise, you know, *how* thoroughly we've got the Hun beaten, *how* much that voluntary surrender of the Hun Fleet means, until you've actually seen, not with the eyes of faith but with the amazed and contented optics of reality, those lines and lines of the Hun's proudest and best and latest battleships and battle-cruisers and destroyers that lie up there in those sombre, secret, solitary, almost sinister waters of Scapa Flow—idle, helpless, humiliated, disarmed, colossally impotent monsters with every claw cut and every tooth drawn.

卐 卐

NOT the most crushing of sea victories, one feels, as one surveys them dwindling into the Northern mists, could be half so humbling as this surrender of theirs without striking a single blow, this comfortable captivity of the would-be masters of the world. But no false pride of that sort worries the Hun—a quite good servant, as someone's just said to me, but a tyrant once he's master.

卐 卐

THE Huns up in Scapa Flow seem quite content to spend idle days fishing, officers and men alike, from the decks or the port-holes—imagine it! Or lounging about the unscrubbed, unswabbed decks, each lusty Hun with his hands in his pockets, or, at the very height of his war-like activities, doing exercises on the parallel bars.

卐 卐

FRIENDLINESS with the Hun is fiercely frowned upon, but pride is no jewel in the German escutcheon, and he'll even pose to be photographed by his conquerors on board the passing drifters, by which an ever thoughtful and kindly British Government supplies the Hun with food and coal. Yes, part of the armistice terms, I believe, that they should bring with them enough sustenance to last until the armistice ended, anyway. But you know what a food-hog the Hun is, and when he'd eaten up his rations we couldn't, of course, let the poor gallant souls starve, could we?

卐 卐

AND now good-bye-ee, and once again all of the best to all my "cousins" everywhere. When you get my next letter it will be a new, clean year—we'll have turned over a new, clean page; and day by day, as 1919 grows to 1920, the war and all that the war has meant of woe and wonder, will become more and more just a memory—a memory very bitter, but very sweet, too, sometimes, for they have been, after all, such wonderful years. But I think

When I am old
And sadly steal apart,
Into the dark and cold,
Friend of my heart!

one of my dearest memories of these war years will be the wonderful letters they have sent to me, our wonderful warriors. I drink this Christmas to them first—and last! For without them we could never say again

England, my England!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

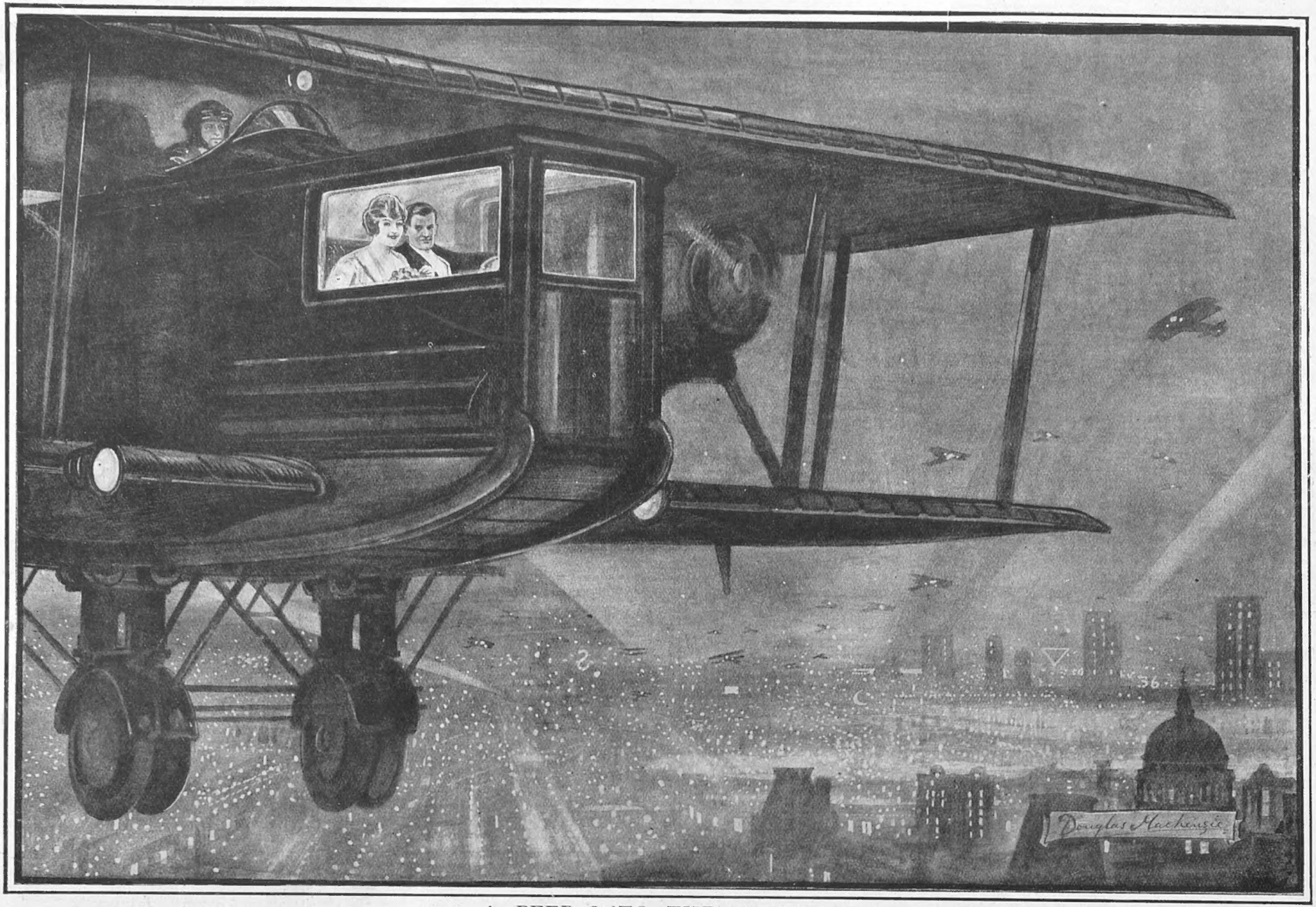
"Only for the war profiteers remaineth it poss. to imbibe"

As Charming as Ever

Photograph "THE NAUGHTY WIFE" [*Rita Martin*

A new and exclusive study of Miss Gladys Cooper as Eloise, the naughty wife, in the popular piece at the Playhouse

The Lights of London



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

The Maltravers Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

"I will recite you a little thing"

VIII.

LIKE most Nonconformists, Maltravers is very fond of sweet things—particularly trifle; and we who knew his weakness had managed a little treat for him.

Into one dish of trifle (specially reserved for Maltravers), we had poured half a bottle of sherry, a tumbler of Martell's "three star," and a wine-glass of Benedictine. The trifle became a tipsy cake. A dash of cherry brandy and a *soupçon* of Chartreuse made it still more tipsy. Never was so dissolute a dish.

We sat with eyes glued on Maltravers, and the way he tucked into that tipsy trifle was a sight for the gods. He was well into his second helping before some of us had got started. Aided and abetted by his neighbours, he finished the dish single-handed. Considered as a feat of endurance it was wonderful. As a doping exhibition it was a failure. Maltravers was more gloomy than usual, but that was all.

From the head of the table where the guests were seated came sounds of joyous mirth. Evidently the story of Maltravers and his tipsy cake had leaked out. Or, perhaps, the Colonel was telling the Padre that one about the Canadian sentry and the Brigadier!

The merry laughter of our distinguished visitors rose and fell in gusty eddies, and the more they laughed the more Maltravers sat and sulked.

Probably he was piqued because nobody was making a fuss of him. As a matter of fact, all eyes were now turned to the top table, where the chairman of the local tribunal was playing at cat's cradle with the Adjutant.

"Mercy on us," said someone, "that fool of a waiter must have mixed up the dishes. Maltravers has merely over-eaten himself and little Baxe is *blotteau!*"

Only the hardened sinner may
Peruse this most immoral lay.

LITTLE Baxe had risen steadily—too steadily. He grasped the table-cloth firmly in the right hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will recite you a little thing of my own composition entitled 'The Man, the Moral, and the Milliner.'

A Man was sitting on a stile a day or two ago,
There passed a little Milliner, perambulating slow;
She smiled a blithe "good morning," so he smiled and raised his hat—
I also smile at Milliners—but let it stop at that.

She had a Moral with her, 'twas a dour and dismal thing,
It trailed along behind her and was fastened with a string;
The Man said he'd come too if she was sure she didn't mind;
She didn't, and the Moral dropped a pace or two behind.

They sat them down upon a bank where grass was growing green;
The Moral came, as Morals do, and plunked itself between;
The Man said: "Dash the little brute, to spoil our little game."
The Milliner said nothing, but she thought about the same.

The Milliner was feeling warm—the day was very hot,
The Man thought what a pretty foot the Milliner had got.
He touched it very gently, but the Moral with a frown,
Leaned over to her petticoats, and pulled the frillings down.

"Bit of an air-raid or something, don't worry"

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*continued*)

The Milliner was sleepy, so she closed her pretty eyes,
The Man bent down and kissed her—to her evident surprise.
He kissed her very gently, and he squeezed her very tight,
The Moral turned its head away from such a wicked sight.

The Man rose very quietly, and got himself a brick,
'Twas very long and very broad and also very thick.
He killed the Moral quietly, without undue delay;
The Milliner said nothing—there wasn't much to say.

The sun dropped very gently, and—it's curious ,isn't it?
Although it drops so far it never hurts itself a bit.
The Man—I fear I'm boring you with this my little lay,
The Milliner—as you remark, we've had a lovely day.

The Moral of my story, and there's one without a doubt,
Is: If at any future time you feel like walking out,
Be sure you take a Milliner;
be sure you take a brick;
Be sure it's very long and very broad and very thick.

Little Baxe, without waiting for the applause to subside, slid very gently under the table.

And there we left him.

To tactful people I would say:
"Be tactful in a tactful way."

DURING the winter months any married officer may live out, but in the camping season the privilege is very rare indeed. Little Baxe was about the only man who had a sleeping-out pass.

About midnight, when the Padre was counting his ill-gotten gains, someone bethought him of the hero who still slumbered peacefully in a corner of the writing-room.

Mrs. Baxe would be getting anxious, but it would never do to return him in his present mottled state.

"You're a tactful sort of blighter, Bennet," said the President. "Just slip along and put things right. Say there's a Special Vigilance and that he'll be a bit late. Get her to bed—that's the main thing—and we'll run him along when he wakes."

Tact *is* my strong point. "Evening, Mrs. Baxe," I said cheerfully. "Just looked round to say your husband may be a bit late. Bit of an air-raid or something. Don't worry. Long way down the coast. Usual red tape, you know. Have to keep in touch with headquarters till the 'All Clear.' Good night."

"Why didn't Gerald come round himself?" asked Mrs. Baxe. That's the worst of women, they *are* so inquisitive.

A less tactful man might have been stymied by the simple query. It was necessary to think, and act, swiftly. "Captain of the Week," I replied. "Can't leave the Orderly Room. Usual red tape, you know. Good night, Mrs. Baxe." And I scuttled away into the night.

Little Baxe was awake when I returned, but he was very sorry for himself. He swore that he had been poisoned, and insisted on making his will. Fortunately, it was not a lengthy document. He left everything to his wife, with the exception of a few souvenirs, which he distributed among the members of the mess. He gave me a splendid pair of prismatic binoculars. I shall always treasure them.

When he was feeling better, we took him home. He wanted us to leave him at the corner of his road, but we wouldn't hear of such a thing. What was worth doing was worth doing well.

"I blew my whistle. 'All Clear!' I chanted. 'All Clear! All Clear!'"

Arrived at No. 63, we received a shock. Mrs. Baxe was still up, waiting the return of the wanderer.

"She won't go to bed till I get in," groaned little Baxe. "She's scared to death of air-raids."

Evidently I had been too tactful.

For an hour we hung round for a fair wind and a clear passage to run our battered craft into the haven where he fain would be; but still the lady of the house sat and shivered in her front sitting-room.

And then a great and wonderful inspiration came to me out of the night.

With heavy step and even pace I advanced towards the house. I blew my whistle. "All Clear!" I chanted. "All Clear! All Clear!"

The light vanished as though by magic from the sitting-room. It appeared in the bedroom above. It went out.

And little Baxe went in.

(*To be continued next week*)

Ingredients for a Christmas War Story

A PANELLED hall on Christmas Eve
Where firelight flickers rosily,
A wounded hero home on leave,
A girl—for choice a V.A.D.

A meeting in the firelight glow,
Some letters that have gone astray,
A gleaming bunch of misletoe—
And flavour in the usual way!

LESLIE M. OYLER

Good Thing too!

THINGS WE SHALL MISS THIS CHRISTMAS

The Bystander in PARIS

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

AT FRADIN'S.

MES AMIS—

WHEN I have been ill of the *grippe* my uncle Ferdinand has come one day to visit me. Always he has much good advice to give, my uncle Ferdinand. It is his hobby, since he is become old and cannot any more be what you say "a gay dog." When he was come I have told to Léonie that she must tell him that the *grippe* was very infectious and that he must not come to my room. But he has come all the same.

"My uncle Ferdinand has come"

"*TIENS, mon oncle!*" I have said, "are you not afraid to have the infection?" And he has laughed. "Me!" he said. "I am immune. If you had been cautious like me you would not now be ill." "But how?" I asked. "You must tell your secret; you will become famous like Pasteur." He is vain, my uncle Ferdinand, like the old men who have made the gallantry the *travail* of their lives, but he has also a suspicion of too much compliment.

"OH!" he has said, "it is nothing, nothing at all, my recipe. The morning when I waken Alphonse brings me hot milk with a so little rum. Then before I go for my walk I have a *grog Américain*. It is fortifying that, and resists the dampness of the morning. At my return a little glass of hot port and after the *déjeuner* a cognac in my *café*. It is so each day my regime of the morning.

"IN the afternoon, if I shall go out, I have again a hot port and for my *apéritif* there is not better than again the rum and milk; and before to go to bed always a *grog Américain* or two quite boiling. One cannot have too much caution and it is sometimes that if I waken in the night Alphonse will mix just a little glass of rum and milk which is the best of all. But of the *grippe* I am quite sure I am immune."

"The poor man, he has now so bad a gout"

HE was very happy of his regime, and has laughed at me that I should be ill when he who has sixty-five years was quite well, but to-day it was my turn that I should go to visit him, for he is ill. But, oh, no! it is not of the *grippe*. His regime has quite prevented that, but, the poor man, he has now so bad a gout.

WE have talked a long time we two, because always my uncle Ferdinand has so amusing stories to tell of the old Paris of before the war and of the strange Paris which is so interesting that always I wish I was a man and could visit it. To-day he was sad because, he says, it is all changed and will never again be the same. He had just read in his newspaper how Fradin's must soon be closed.

"THE life will not any more be the same, my niece," he said. "Even Fradin's to close. *Tiens, tiens!*" "But what is it, this Fradin's?" I have asked, and my

(*Continued on page 576*)

The Return of the Poilu

A charming scene in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Two children offering their first Christmas cakes to the pet dog of a "poilu" who has done his bit in the war

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

"Though his clothes are so shabby, he carries still his eyeglass"

friends, imagine you what it should be. It was so strange a café near the Halles where the very poor old men who had bought a bowl of soup for four sous might sleep with their elbows on the table. It was not allowed to them to lie down, and my uncle has said how sometimes he has gone with his friends to look at them as they slept, because they were so strange a people like the friends of François Villon.

PERHAPS, he has told me, it was an apache for whom the police were seeking who would be asleep beside an old man who was once a priest. In the corner there is a little man with a face all wrinkles who it is only five years had so great success on the race-courses that everyone would bet on the horse he rode. Beside him is his friend, an Englishman, who has been to Oxford, and though his clothes are so shabby, he carries still his eyeglass. His brothers pay him each month a little sum not to come home.

AND now it is only le Père Julien who is left, the papers say. Since seventeen years he has slept with the head on the table at the place nearest to the stove, and now that they go to close the café, which has been there since hundreds of years, the poor man will have to begin to learn to sleep in a bed. All his friends have gone and my uncle has told me the story of one, which has made me very happy and very sad. It was of the Englishman who has been to Oxford.

"WHEN the war began," he has said, "I have gone one night to Fradin's, because always they have interested me, these poor men, and when I was leaving the Englishman has spoken to me. He has wished to borrow fifty francs to go to England to join the army. For me I do not lend money, but I have thought I will come again in one month and will see if he speaks true. But before the month was ended I have had from him a letter to send me ten francs, in which he has said that he was a soldier.

"EVERY month he has written to me and has repaid all the money. Then they have made him an officer. He has fought on the Somme and in Flanders and been wounded twice and has won the military cross. All his *permissions* he has come to Paris to see me, and sometimes he would borrow the old clothes of the *concierge* and go again to see his friends at Fradin's. But since March he has not come, and they have sent to me from his regiment some mementoes because he has wished it before he has been killed in the first retreat."

HOW many stories of so great interest, I have thought, there must have been in Fradin's; but I am not sorry, like my uncle, that the life will perhaps change after the war, and all these places have their *coup de grâce*. It will be, perhaps, a new Paris we will make from the Paris of the Père Julien, but it will be still amusing, because I think it is not easy to reform the Parisians like the President Wilson wishes to reform the Boche.

IT is only last week that there was so great a scandal because our gamins who have had so great fun to play with the Boche cannon in the Place de la Concorde have stolen five of the machine-guns and the trench-mortars. "What is one to do with a people like that?" a policeman has said to me. "They are capable to thieve a howitzer if one turns the back."

BUT for me I have the thought that it is not perhaps *les gosses* who are this time to be blamed. In the newspapers they say that there are now two millions of our Allies from America in our country and I am quite sure that there are of them one million in Paris, and every one wishes to take home a souvenir.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"The policeman has said to me"

On the Defensive

OR "QUI S'Y FROTTE S'Y PIQUE"

"ONCE UPON

A TIME"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A Kiddies' Heroine

Camera Study *Bertram Park*

ISOBEL ELSOM

Who is to be the "Wendy" in "Peter Pan" at the New Theatre this year

SCANDAL AT THE 'STRAND'

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is a play all about a wayward and rebellious young woman who gets into all sorts of scrapes and expects everybody to help her out of them, whatever the cost or inconvenience may be. The first scene shows us the studio of Mr. York, a popular painter. It is a spacious room with lovely furniture, and panels, and frescoes; and someone who seems to know something about artists' studios opines that Mr. York must do something else beside paint pictures in order to maintain so fine a place as that. I thought something of the kind myself, as I have been privileged to see a good many studios in my time. Perhaps Mr. York backed horses in his odd moments. His chief clients seem to be the wives of stockbrokers, but I decline to believe that he has got rich on tips that stockbrokers have given him. I have had some, and I know what I am talking about.

THE point about this studio is that when the curtain rises upon it, it is past midnight o' the clock. It is so late, in fact, that even the pictures and statues, mostly representing beauty unadorned, have been discreetly covered up for the night, and have, as it were, gone to bye-bye. Then Pelham Franklin (the same being Mr. Arthur Bourchier) and Malcolm Fraser (Mr. A. Scott-Gatty) drop in on their way home for a moment's chat and the harmless but necessary drink. And while they are gossiping away their beauty sleep there is a knock at the door, and in walks the Hon. Beatrix Hinchcliff (Miss Kyrle Bellew). She is little more than a girl, and a light-hearted and frivolous one at that; but of course she ought not to go walking into the studio of a worldly artist at that hour of the night. Mr. York rather welcomes her; but the other two men very properly try to coax her to go back at once to the house of the London friends with whom she is staying. Beatrix, however, declines to do anything of the sort. It amuses her to skate over thin ice in this way; and she throws off her cloak and stands erect in a delicately beautiful frock that is shortened at both extremities, and makes you think of the comic song that foretells that one of these days both ends of the modern frock will meet in the middle.

RELUCTANTLY Franklin and Fraser take their leave; and as soon as they have gone Mr. York begins to make love with the unpleasant enthusiasm of the man who takes the lady's compromising situation to be in favour of his suit. As it happens, Franklin, who is very much a man of the world, happens to come back for his cigarette-case just at the moment when he is most welcome. He sees enough of the state of affairs to guess what is happening, and he insists, being a friend of the family, in taking Beatrix away and putting her into a taxi. Apparently Beatrix should have returned earlier in the evening to her mother's home in Hampshire; but the hour being now too late for such a journey she decides to start in the morning. This, of course, involves her staying away from home all night. In my young days it used to be considered that a lady who did that sort of thing had forfeited all claim to the love and

respect of her family and friends. But we live in new times, and for all I know to the contrary it may presently be established that a lady may stay out all night without injury to her social reputation, precisely as a young man may permit himself the same latitude without being tiresomely obliged to explain all the details of the trip on the following morning.

But that is not the view taken by Beatrix's people, who are fine old crusted specimens of the Victorian epoch. The Hon. Honoria, for instance, Beatrix's aunt (I think her husband is a Dean or a Bishop, or something like that) takes the chair at a family court-martial, and puts Beatrix under cross-examination very severely. She has heard all about the girl's visits to the artist's studio, and for the sake of the family name, decides that Beatrix must go into retirement for a year in order that she may live down her indiscretion. But Beatrix really can't see why they want to go and make all that fuss about nothing; and she also is of opinion that she would rather die off-hand than spend a year in the stuffy atmosphere of a cathedral close. She looks around in her jauntily defiant way for someone to help her out of the horrid difficulty of her position, when by chance Franklin strolls into the room. At once she rushes to his side, and says that since her family want to know why she was at that artist's studio she wishes to remark that she wasn't there at all. She was in the adjoining flat, for the best of all reasons, since it happens to be the town residence of her husband—

Mr. Franklin. And, in a whispered aside to the astonished man, she begs he will support her loyally in this really awkward flight of romance.

Up to this point the play is agreeably amusing, but from here onwards it takes a rather ugly turn. Franklin is naturally very angry with the thoughtless child on account of the difficult position in which she has placed him on the mendacious inspiration of the moment. Then the family crowd round to congratulate him, and all the maiden aunts line up to be kissed, and that sort of thing. And although Franklin has been a big game hunter in his time, there is a limit to his courage when elderly females are crowding about him. Therefore he decides to teach Beatrix a lesson by way of having his revenge. When bedtime comes, all the guests separate, and Beatrix and Franklin are left alone outside the door of Beatrix's room. She begins to wish him good-night; but he points out that she is making a slight mistake. She has given out that they are husband and wife, and they must live up to it. He therefore drags her into her room with its dainty furniture, including a beautiful double bed. And then he locks the door from the inside.

At this point I distinctly told young Harris to go home. I said that if he insisted on staying I should write to his people and tell them all. Besides, I understand he has a weak heart and, therefore, ought not to take any risks. However, he wouldn't listen to me, and so he must go his own way. Let's get back to the bedroom. Beatrix cannot believe that Franklin is really serious. She laughs at his odd ideas, and poses in her pretty, purring way on an elaborate settee, and hopes he will go away now and be quite good. It seemed to me that here was a chance for Franklin to make a dignified exit; but he is resolved, it seems, to go on to the bitter end; and you can almost hear the dear girls all round you fairly gasping with excitement as though it all seemed too good to be true. Beatrix is now fairly frightened. By a cunning trick she gets

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

rid of Franklin and locks him out; but he comes back by another door, and gives her just two minutes in which to remove her dainty frock. At the end of the two minutes he proposes to undertake the removing job himself. Really, you know! What?

Beatrix goes dismally out of the room into her holy of holies, and reappears within the time limit in her bed robes, which are, if anything, rather more sober and discreet than evening gowns, and then we see that Franklin considers that the lesson he meant to teach has gone home. So he leaves her to her tears and the curtain falls on the act, and people stoop and pick up the programmes and vanity bags that they had dropped in the engrossing attention that the circumstances demanded. Of course, it all comes right in the next act, as Beatrix suddenly discovers that while she hates Franklin for his meanness, she loves him for himself alone, so that there is a sufficient balance on the right side to warrant a real and proper wedding. I do not think there is anything more to be said; and in any case if there were I should feel that I ought to keep it for the club.

A valorous attempt has been made to supply a comic relief to lighten the burden of the very intense story; but it is a little mechanical and not very exhilarating. A pageant is part of the plot, but it seems to have been introduced merely as a peg on which to hang an eccentric costume which enables Mr. Fred Lewis to protest against being made to look ridiculous. But the main story is after all the exciting part of the entertainment. Jingle

Women and the Reconstruction

By W. L. GEORGE

Women in Industry

In a sense, woman has been "reconstructing" since 1914. Until then she had played but a minor part in the world—*i.e.*, she furnished many labourers but filled few of the skilled posts. Now she cannot be ignored; she has increased her power by *replacing* 1,550,000 men; about 700,000 women who never before earned wages have learned the taste of money; and we have 800,000 dead men, whom none but women can replace. It follows from all this that woman's rôle in the coming two or three years cannot be entirely feminine. She has been reconstructing society while she built up her own position, and she will certainly go on. This does not mean that she will go on as before. For instance, she cannot maintain her footing in all the trades. I doubt whether in another twelve months we shall see women conducting omnibuses, laying pipes, handling luggage, or mending roads. For one reason those trades are too hard to be continued with indefinitely; for another, the male trade unions do not welcome women. I think their attitude mistaken, for the refusal to admit women drives them to undercut men and to bring down their wages, and the Labour Party is rightly taking a stand against this attitude, but still it endures. So women may be driven into their own trade unions (which are much stronger than they were, and now number 700,000 members), which means that they will be driven into their own trades.

Three Roads

I suspect that the direction of women's energy will be along three main roads: the complete capture of trades they share, the capture of further trades, and the adoption of new activities. Of the first type are restaurant attendance, dressmaking, and shop work. I do not mean that waiters and shopwalkers will not want to resume when they leave the Army; a vast amount of nonsense has been printed about this aspect of the war. We have been told that these men will want to go on the land; they will want no such thing. Most city dwellers agree with the carter in Whitechapel, who told me in public meeting that he'd "rather go to hell than back to the land." But many are dead, and the women are in possession; they will stay, and establish the new tradition. Besides they are better waiters than men; and though they do not understand dress, can run that trade with the help of very few men.

Administrative Work

The second road will probably lie across what I like to call the administrative field, namely, clerical duties, timekeeping, secretarial work, etc., such occupations as demand a regard for detail that men do not readily develop, conscientiousness, and satisfaction with minor tasks. It is not for nothing that women have forced themselves into banks and Government offices; they are shamefully underpaid, and will remain so until they shake off the "perfect lady" idea and strike; but those are their trades, and as they ideally fit them they are likely to develop in them.

Social Service

But the third road is the main one. Among the many uncertainties of 1919 lives one certainty—that we shall see a development of social service, and that an awakened public opinion will demand a care for children, for health, for popular comfort, that has never been afforded them before. The munition workers' day nurseries will probably be opened for factory hands; the overworked district nurses are likely to be supplemented by many whom the Red Cross discharges, and who are fit to train as midwives; the Home Office, faced with the influx of women workers, will have to increase its staff of female inspectors. It is a field with very broad limits. A number of women will be wanted as home helps, to give (under a coming Insurance Act) the assistance a sick mother badly needs; we shall probably develop school inspection and clinics to raise the standard of fitness of our children, of whom *over half are defective*; we shall need women at welfare centres, co-operative kitchens, baths and wash-houses, women as forewomen, matrons, and hospital orderlies. What will be the result of this enhanced influence? My own feeling is that it will meet an urgent need of the State and that it will tend to arm the working population for the responsibilities which it intends to assume. Women are on the whole better fitted than men to deal with these problems; they are less crude, less callous than the average relieving officer; they treat the individual as such rather than as Case No. 187. Thus they are likely to administer the coming health acts with an enthusiasm that is foreign to the old-fashioned official. I have no illusions about it; some will be fussy, many will be vexatious, but they will be interested in their work, and that is obviously the main thing in this very delicate part of the reconstruction—the reconstruction of the body of the nation and the building-up of its young lives.

A LOVE SONG.

I did not know how much I valued you
When last we met,
And yet my love is fervent strong and true.
I'll ne'er forget

How with your gracious gaiety you filled
My world with light,
And cheered my heart when hope and joy seemed killed
And all was night.

Lovers besiege you; countless as the sand
The hearts you stole;
And yet your worth you scarcely understand,
O lump of coal!

LESLIE M. OYLER

A Fireside Study

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

Who before her marriage in 1915, was the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, and formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra

The Compliments of the Season

By THE OLD GUARD

It passes for an axiom among us that Christmas comes but once a year; and we are not man enough to dispute the charge to-day. But such a Christmas as the present comes to many of us but once in a lifetime. The war is over, and we are all buoyed up by the serene consciousness of having voted for the right man; wherefore let us keep our Christmas merry still. This year many fine old English customs shall be revived in our midst. There shall be holly and mistletoe once again, and expectant stockings shall hang once more against the chimney-piece. True it is that we ourself must needs forgo this latter since such phenomena in the apartment of single men would only provoke the comments of the profane.

But we shall, the gods willing, help this year to bring in the Yule log, which, at the present price of coal, may so happily combine the poetic with the economical. And but for the fact that Heaven in its wisdom has denied us the gift of song, we would hasten to join the waits that go to chant of gladness upon earth this season of the year. Once, it is true, before the extent of our musical disability was borne upon us at the request of over-cunning friends we went by ourself and sang a blithe carol at the door of a local magnate. Before we could begin our attack on the second verse, however, the magnate's minions were called to remove us. This they not only did, after very considerable exertion, but all the five of them stood and threw stones after us as long as our imposing figure was at all visible in the darkness. At that period, we may explain, we could not be pushed where we had no mind to go by fewer than five stalwart men. Now, alas! that we are no longer in the first flush of youth, we are an easy prey for any ordinary two that are minded to mischief. But on the occasion of which we have spoken it came to us as a tragic surprise that a simple hymn of peace and love could so arouse the lust for blood in our fellow man.

"They say the Kaiser can't abdicate, after all!"
"Well, anyway, 'is bloomin' army has!"

We have but one desire at this happy season, to wit, that we may be at peace with all men. With this exemplary aspiration in view we have even maintained an attitude of tolerable civility towards our editor. Truth to tell, a confidential communication made to us by the graceless and over-watchful office-boy has apprised us that our editor has only recently received the rich gift of a case of old port, and we ask nothing better than to be allowed to hold out the hand of true fellowship to a man of such sterling quality. We do not recklessly fling away the enviable privilege of our personal friendship; but there is that in the present instance which calls for a charitable relaxation of our stern rule of life.

It may unhappily be that a state of war will continue to exist between ourself and our garrulous landlady, since by a dismal oversight of the compilers of the calendar the date of the festive season coincides with that of an entirely superfluous quarter-day. It is given but to few knights of the pen to have the wherewithal for both of these simultaneous happenings. Besides, we are taking a girl out to supper; and then there will be chocolates, which, at their present price, impose a heavy burden on the man of humble purse. And how much more heavy must be the burden in the case of a man like ourself with no purse at all? We have never succeeded well in fathoming the intricacies of high finance, but we have always understood, and have sought to explain to our landlady, that under the moratorium everybody is absolved from paying rent until peace has been signed. We may be speaking in ignorance, it is true; but is it not written that he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow? So in the hope that the Prohibitionists may leave us at this Christmastide the means wherewith to charge our glasses, we will look towards each other and likewise bow. God rest you, merry gentlemen, and fair ladies. *Waes Hael!*

A Wasted Effort

An astute young Hun endeavouring to change the intentions of an infuriated enemy

[One of the many little fraternisation tricks prepared in advance for Xmas by the Hun, but happily now unnecessary]

The Inhumanity of Captain Vosper

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

THE sentimental and soft-hearted on board the Gigantic were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

"Isn't it perfectly *sweet* to see Captain Vosper with little Basil?" Lady Doubell whispered to Miss Stevens, her companion.

"Quite a picture!" Miss Stevens assented enthusiastically. "And the captain always seemed such a hard man—like iron."

"The influence of a little child's soft hand is *wonderful;* and often these hard-shelled people have the tenderest kernels—I mean hearts. I am sure no one can be wholly bad who loves children, Miss Stevens. I have *always* felt that!"

The pair who had just passed, hand-in-hand, along the deck, made, indeed, a quaint and rather pretty picture—Captain Vosper, sixty, and grey, in hair and eyes, and heart; little Basil Beverley, six and golden. The child clung to the sailor's big fist, gazed up at him adoringly, prattling of everything under the sky or sea, while the Captain listened with a smile which was genuine enough, although grim as the rest of his personality.

His softness did not spread beyond the spot reserved for little Basil; to the rest of the ship's company Captain Vosper was as unbending as ever, as taciturn and glowering.

Of course, it was perfectly true that his position as captain of a huge ship was, in these days, unenviable; the voyage must be one incessant strain from the moment when the Gigantic left New York until she was safely berthed in Liverpool. Still——

"It must be *just* as great a strain for us, my dear—never knowing whether we're to be torpedoed or not—and *we're* not so disagreeable!" Lady Doubell declared.

The whole of the ship's company, passengers and crew, adored small Basil, with his pretty ways, and that golden head of his which was always apt to appear in the most unexpected places, from the engine-room to Lady Doubell's sacred cabin. Yet he was a good little lad, and unspoilt on the whole, in spite of the obvious worship of his sad-faced mother.

The passengers knew little or nothing of Mrs. Beverley; her widow's mourning made a barrier between her and casual conversation; her blue, dark-ringed eyes seemed in tragic mourning also. Yet she was undeniably handsome, and sharp noses soon scented a romance.

Captain Vosper rarely spoke to Mrs. Beverley, but now and again some shrewd observer would catch his eyes fixed upon her, wistfully, almost hungrily, as though trying to read the secret of her sorrow.

She came along the deck at this moment; Lady Doubell and Miss Stevens heard her speak to the little boy.

"Basil, darling, you mustn't worry the Captain."

"He isn't, madam," Captain Vosper said rather gruffly. "I'll send him off soon enough if he bothers me, but I like the kid. If I didn't want him, I'd say so, I promise you!"

More than five-sixths of the voyage was quite uneventful, but as they neared the Irish coast the Captain's cast-iron face grew more rigidly set than ever, and he rarely left the deck by day or night.

The speed of the giant steamer was definitely increased, and she thundered along, devouring the knots.

People began to say to each other: "We shall be in Liverpool to-night"; and, under the influence of the brilliant sunshine, did not always add: "Unless something happens."

Basil was in the wildest spirits, running hither and thither, laughing and shouting and singing, his golden curls a glory, his pretty voice music. Even his quiet, sad mother seemed faintly excited by the near approach to England; she sat in her usual place, sheltered by one of the boats, all the morning, her blue eyes gazing out across the sea, her lips parted, her tired eyes alight.

It was lunch-time and the decks were almost deserted. Mrs. Beverley and Basil had, as usual, finished long before their companions, for it was impossible to keep the little boy quiet and patient throughout the length of a table d'hôte.

Lady Doubell, who, from fear of sea-sickness, was having lunch on deck with her companion, saw them pass along towards their corner, out of sight. But not out of mind. Basil's shouts of laughter and delight could still be heard. A shoal of porpoises was about the ship, leaping and frisking and the small boy ran from one side of the deck to the other in his eagerness to watch them.

And then——

A child's wild cry of fear split the sunny, dancing air, followed by the shriek of a woman in deadly terror and agony—then Mrs. Beverley's voice, strained and hoarse beyond all recognition:

"Basil! Basil! Oh—he's overboard! Oh!"

Lady Doubell and her companion ran towards the further side of the deck, slipping and stumbling in their haste, their hearts beating and thumping wildly. As they did so a man's voice rose strongly:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Following on the shout, came the padding of feet—quick questions and answers. The two women reached the spot to find Mrs. Beverley struggling in the grasp of one of the quartermasters, to see a glint of golden hair just visible for a moment on the crest of a wave, but already far astern of the speeding vessel.

"No use for you to go over too, ma'am," the sailor gasped. "You can't do anything—you—here's the Capting!"

Captain Vosper, stern and iron grey as ever, was already amongst the gathering group of passengers, crew and officers, already hearing Mrs. Beverley's frantic explanation.

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Napoo!

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE EX-W.A.A.C. *(to family ghost)*: "My dear man, that kind of thing is hopelessly out of date; you should indulge in a few hand-grenades—they're going cheap now!"

"THE INHUMANITY OF CAPTAIN VOSPER" (*concluded*)

"It's Basil—he fell over—looking at the porpoises—oh, Captain, save him—save him!"

"I'll get the boat lowered, sir!" The third officer spoke eagerly. "And telephone the engine-room half speed——"

"No!" Like an iron bar falling upon the deck came the Captain's heavy voice. "I won't slow down. I won't send off a boat. I won't risk losing the ship and all aboard of her."

A shiver ran through all who heard the Captain's words, and next instant the third officer spoke, incredulously, stammeringly:

"B-but—we can't desert the kid—leave him to drown——"

"We *can*—when it's a question of one life or a thousand!"

"But—the little chap——"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Standen! Go back to your stations, all of you!"

Officers and crew obeyed, glancing at each other ashamedly; but as Mrs. Beverley realised the full meaning of the Captain's orders it seemed that the unfortunate woman went mad before their eyes.

"You won't try to save him—my little boy—my darling!" she shrieked frantically, her face white, her eyes staring. "You will do nothing—*nothing!*"

"I will do nothing, madam. Give the order full speed ahead, Mr. Standen, and get up every ounce of steam."

"Murderer—murderer!" Mrs. Beverley shouted. "A curse upon you—a mother's curse! Oh, God, I thought you loved him—my little boy!"

The Captain stood motionless, his grey eyes beneath their grey pent brows fixed remorselessly upon Mrs. Beverley. Next instant, it seemed as though her frantic excitement had spread to the passengers, unrestrained by the discipline which held the officers and crew.

Men and women alike were overstrained, unnerved by days of tension, and by the sudden tragedy of the child's death. Almost all there had been genuinely fond of the little fellow; in the horror of his desertion, they scarcely realised that, by now, any attempt at rescue would be absolutely futile, utterly useless. A frenzy of indignation seized upon them, and Lady Doubell sobbed and shrieked hysterically.

"Murderer—brute!" she cried. "Oh, you inhuman wretch! You Hun!"

The epithets were caught up and repeated by one and another; even the more reasonable assailed him bitterly. And amidst it all Captain Vosper stood grim and motionless, staring out to sea.

"D'you think we're afraid to die? D'you think that *any* of us—except, perhaps, you, you coward!—wouldn't give his life willingly for that little kiddie?" Trescott, the American millionaire, stormed, but the captain paid no heed.

He still stared seawards, along the white wake of the steamer, his face sterner and more fiercely rugged than they had ever seen it. Almost in spite of themselves a heavy, sullen silence fell upon the excited passengers.

Suddenly, Captain Vosper raised his hand and pointed. Involuntarily twenty pairs of eyes followed the gesture. Some of those which were sharpest saw a tiny black stick-like object, visible for a moment or two right in the tumbling white foam—saw it again a few minutes later, away to port, moving along, leaving a tiny wake itself on the green sea—receding as the steamer thundered on.

The Captain said no word. With his stolid, heavy tread, he moved along the deck, and climbed the bridge-companion; behind him a buzz of voices rose.

"The periscope of a submarine. . . . It was very near, wasn't it? . . . We've left it behind now. . . . If we'd slowed down, it would have got us, probably. . . ."

A moment's hesitation, and then Trescott put into words what were probably the superficial feelings, at least, of all present.

"Perhaps it *would* have caught us, but, by God, I'd rather it had than have left that kid to drown!"

The Captain's seat was vacant that night at dinner, as they steamed slowly up the Mersey. It was vacant until it almost seemed as though the iron-grey man were afraid to face the accumulated indignation of the passengers of the Gigantic.

At last he appeared, striding heavily to his place at the head of the principal table, amidst utter silence. He stood there, looking down the rows of seated figures, with a grim smile, and at last he spoke.

"I've no wish to vindicate my own conduct, ladies and gentlemen," he said; "but I thought it might be kinder to relieve your minds. Mrs. Beverley is not dining with us to-night, you will notice."

"Was it likely, you brute?" Lady Doubell burst out furiously, her hysterical grief still unassuaged.

"Not in the least likely, madam, seeing that she is under arrest in her cabin. But you will also be glad to hear," Captain Vosper spoke slowly and very deliberately, "that she has the company of dear little Basil to console her."

A buzz of amazed incredulity ran round the table. Through it the Captain's hard voice rang steadily as he forged ahead with his narrative.

"Yes, her dear little boy. The thing which fell overboard was a dummy; the real child was all the time concealed under the cover of the boat near which his mother always sat. It was all a clever ruse to make me slow down, to send off a boat, to make me stop the way of the ship, and provide a good target for their hellish U-boats. A clever plan, wasn't it? Mrs. Beverley is an active German agent, from all appearances: little Basil her innocent tool. But it is unwise to employ children in this sort of work. They are apt to chatter, if one is kind to them, if one asks a few tactful questions, accompanied by chocolates. I gathered quite enough about his mother's movements from little Basil to put me on my guard; it was quite worth my while to make a pet of him."

"Then you weren't kind to him out of love for children at all, you *didn't* really care?" Lady Doubell's voice was shrill with an almost triumphant note.

Captain Vosper looked at her steadily.

"You can form your own conclusions about that, madam," he said. "I'm sure you will find it infinitely more satisfactory to believe me still—an inhuman wretch."

VIOLET M. METHLEY.

THE WAYS OF TANKS.

I MET her paddling down the road,
A vast primeval sort of toad,
And while I planned a swift retreat
She snorted, reared, and stamped her feet,
And sprinted up a twelve-foot bank;
Whereat a voice cried, "Good old Tank!"

SHE paused and wagged her armoured tail,
There was a "Jonah" in the "Whale,"
Since from her ribs a face looked out:
Her "skipper" hailed me with a shout,
"Come on, and watch my beauty eat
A batch of houses down the street!"

IT was pure joy to see her crunch
A sugar-factory for lunch;
She was a "peach" at chewing trees—
The Germans shuddered at her sneeze—
And when she leant against a wall
It shortly wasn't there at all!

SHE took Boche trenches in her stride,
And shook the bullets off her side;
No shrapnel and no bomb, indeed,
Could ever put her off her feed;
Her healthy hunger never flagged
However many Huns she bagged!

I STROKED the faithful creature's head;
"What gives her greatest bliss?" I said,
Her skipper glibly answered, "Tanks
Are crazed about Abdullas. . . . Thanks!"
She waddled off—and on the air
Arose Abdulla's fragrance rare!

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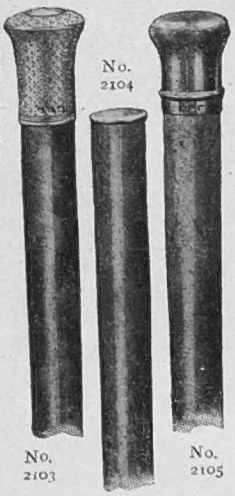

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Blood and Stones in Copenhagen

BY THE BYSTANDER IN DENMARK

"KONGEN'S BY"—so all correct Copenhageners call this leafy city—has just seen a complete Bolshevik revolution. For three days past eloquence, stones, window-panes, and even occasionally blood have flown; and as a result thirty intrepid policemen have bandages on their eyes; seventeen Bolshevik incendiaries are in gaol; and thirty thousand windows in the Groenttorv Place, in the Frederikborgade, and in the building of the Chief Social-Democratic newspaper, are thirstily waiting for new and virgin panes.

It is the first achievement in placid Scandinavia of the new Bolshevik campaign initiated at Moscow by M. (Herr?) Alexis Judin, who lately proclaimed that the neutral States are far the best soil for Bolshevik Revolutionism. For three weeks Copenhagen knew it was coming. Daily into "Kongen's By" have been pouring Muscovite emissaries—sometimes as many as twenty a day—with paper roubles unlimited in their pockets, which can be changed here for about eightpence apiece, which is much more than they are worth; and everything else you could think of was made ready for the great Danish revolution, in which would perish not only mild King Christian, the bloody Conservatives, and the base Radicals, but also—and this is the chief thing—the infamous Danish Social-Democratic Party itself. "For the tame Socialists," ran a Bolshevik proclamation, of which yellow tatters are still fluttering in the wind, "are the worst foes of Bolshevism!"

The Bystander (now) in Denmark, arrived from Stockholm to find the Bolshevik revolution in full swing. It broke out the day before. When the Bystander in Denmark tried to make his way north from the railway station to the district round the Frederikborgade, he found the road barred by a terrific force of police, over whose heads—mostly from slings—whizzed thousands of stones in best trench-mortar wise. Occasionally revolvers barked, for the Bolsheviks had seized 80,000 cartridges in a shop in the Rentlofsgade. The police had taken off their metal numbers, for already the Bolsheviks had vowed to murder every policeman identified among the "oppressors of the people." Creeping by side streets, the Bystander managed to reach the Bolshevik meeting-place in the Groenttorv Place, and there found five speakers—only two of them Danes, and one unmistakably a Ghetto Russian—making fiery speeches. The whiz of stones was unexampled. The Copenhagen Bystander saw nothing like it during the war.

The Copenhagen Bystander turned and fled. He learned now that all this stone-slinging and shooting were due to the painful fact that when Denmark's Bolsheviks proclaimed a general strike, the vast mass of workmen, obeying

(Continued on page 596)

NOT FOR *THIS* YEAR

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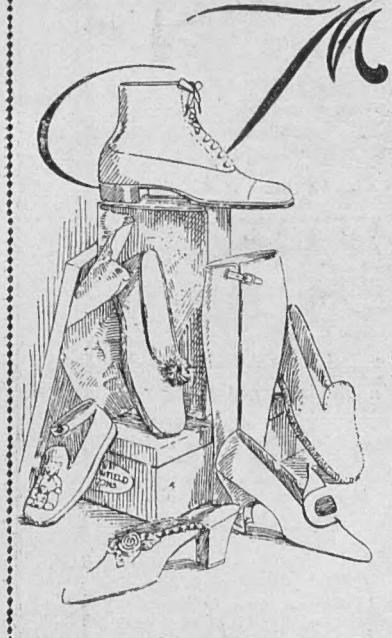

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BLOOD AND STONES IN COPENHAGEN (concluded)

their Social-Democratic leaders, refused to strike; and even kicked the Bolshevik emissaries out. Thereupon, the Bolsheviks decided to make trouble for themselves. Opening his umbrella—by long experience the best bulwark against stone-showers—the Copenhagen Bystander wedged his way among batoning policemen, and reached the Social-Democratic headquarters. There the stoning had ceased, but not a window remained unbroken. A single Socialist with a red tie looked out defiantly through a pane-hole. Having smashed the windows, the Bolsheviks tried to destroy the machines of the *Social-demokrat;* but in this they failed. And they went off after posting up a notice vowing that "The Socialists will pay for their treason to the people with blood. Med Blod!"

All that night the Copenhagen Bystander heard from his hotel the whiz of stones and the crash of panes, with odd shots. Things looked critical. But next day the Bolsheviks admitted that their great Danish revolution had failed. They held a consolation meeting in the Groenttorv and proclaimed that all power henceforth rested in the hands of "The Council of Workmen." But this, too, failed.

So the great Danish Bolshevik revolution is at an end. Even if it had been more vigorous, it would have been crushed by the twenty armoured automobiles which M. Zahle's cabinet had ready. Further, outside Moscow, it had no leader, except, perhaps, the Syndicalist Isak Kreefeldt, who is not a Dane at all, but a Dutchman from lively Holland, who has strong international associations gained when he toured Europe as a cabaret singer. For three days Kreefeldt was Danish Bolshevism's hero; but to-day he is under arrest for casting too accurately a stone which spoiled an honest policeman's nose, and for other offences. To-day "Kongen's By" is as peaceful as Putney—or Alsace-Lorraine; and except for the enormous quantity of glass everywhere lying around, you would not imagine that Denmark had been in the Bolshevik war at all.

Still, behind the screen of flying glass, a peaceful revolution has gone on. The Socialist leader, Stauning, has been taken into the Ministry of the Interior with a programme of radical reforms. This is the result not of Isak Kreefeldt, but of Europe's general democratisation. Three years ago Denmark revised her constitution, radicalised her Upper House, and gave women the vote. She imagined that democratisation could go no further. But to-day all that kind of democratisation is out of date, and Socialist Stauning's new programme contains the eight hours day; abolition of the military system; control over banks and production; new revolutionary land laws; and a dozen other reforms which no man dreamt of before William the Wicked expired in a burst of pan-democratising glory.

But even that is tame compared with the Bolshevik programme. However, there is small sign of Bolshevism here to-day. The chief one is that "Kongen By's" policemen do not yet venture to carry their metal numbers. Bolshevism is still lurking round somewhere with a knife.

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